

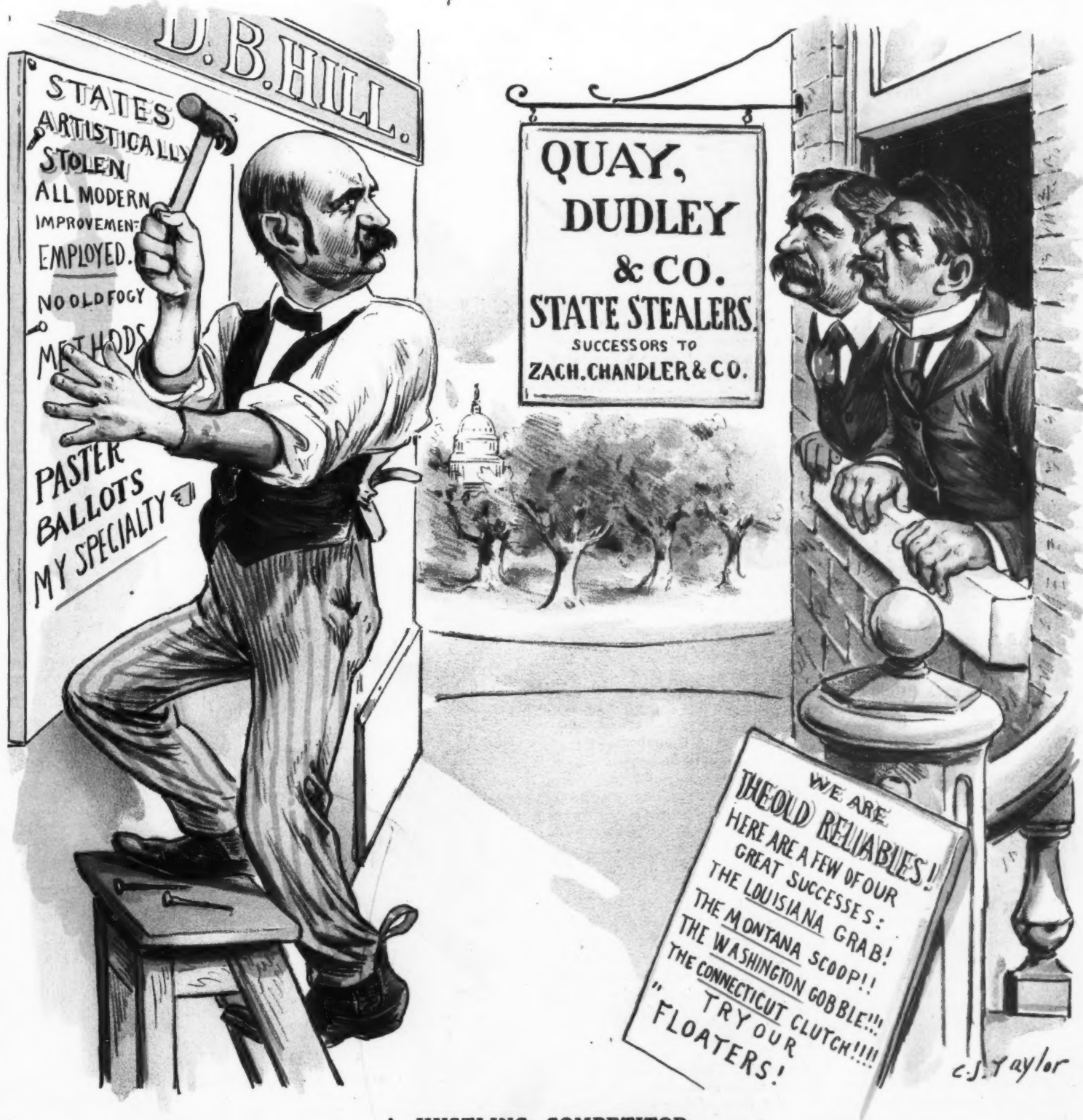
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"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



A HUSTLING COMPETITOR.

DAVE HILL.—What are you looking at? You fellows can't have the field all to yourselves. I'm here for business, too!



PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.

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Payable in advance.

Kegpler & Schwarzmann,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, December 9th, 1891. — No. 770.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

EVERY NATION has its representative blunderer. He may be the native of a certain colony, the citizen of a certain town, the member of a certain family, or the individual blunderer who is yet typical and who serves as the national example of futile ineptitude—the national “buffle-head,” as they would have called him in England two centuries ago. The Greeks laughed at the dull Boeotian boor, as the English laughed at their Three Wise Men of Gotham, or as the Germans use the Schildbergers as their pet representatives of the class of people who, in our American phrase, “don’t know enough to go in when it rains.” The Schildbergers were people who flourished in mediæval times. Many characteristic tales are told of them. How, when threatened with invasion, they gathered all the treasure of the town together and sunk it in the harbor, made a notch in the side of the boat to indicate where they had thrown it over, and then rowed back home. How they built a church without any windows and tried to light it by conveying sunshine inside in bags, and there liberating it. How they tried to lift a cow on top of the city wall, in order that she might browse on the grass which grew there, and strangled her to death in the operation. This last being their most famous and distinctive performance.

We of the United States have developed no typical community in whose boundless stupidity we may take a chastened pride. Our people are pretty fairly “smart” from sea to sea, considered as an aggregation of communities. We have fools, our fair share of them—not so many as Carlyle gave us credit for, yet quite enough for our needs—but, if we except a Bellamyite congregation out West somewhere, they are not segregated in any way; they are peppered through the populace as God wills. It is true that our literature has produced one of the highest types of innocent mental perversity that the human imagination can conceive of—the famous Peterkin Family. Still, those engaging absurdities have hardly as yet grown into the accepted types which they must become some day. Nevertheless, we seem to be raising a class of political economists who bid fair to leave the Peterkins, the Schildbergers, the Three Wise Men of Gotham, and the Boeotian boors miles and miles behind in the eternal go-as-you-please race of Fooldom.

They can not claim much originality, because their theories, if theories they can be called, are largely founded on those of the ancient Schildbergers. They seem unable to see that they can not jack up prices in one direction without jacking up prices all round—perhaps not at once, but certainly in the end. For, if A has to pay B more for the woolen garments he must have, he will tack an additional profit on the flour he sells to C, who will in turn charge D, as well as A and B, more for the horse-shoe nails which he manufactures and they require in their business. And this operation continues naturally through the alphabet to Z, and then back again. But if anywhere on the line there is anybody who has not sufficient capital to hold what he has for sale until he can obtain his own price for it,—as for instance the laboring man—that man is going to be skipped over, squeezed out, and left behind. He will have to pay the other men’s price for their wares, and take what he can get for his own. He may live through it; or, like the Schildbergers’ cow, he may not survive the elevating operation.

The Schildbergers, however, acted, we have no doubt, out of the natural folly of their kind, in all honest stupidity and in perfect good faith toward the cow. Our latter-day political economists, who have made a strange fetich-worship out of the simple and purely provisional devices by which their ancestors sought to help new industries to a first foothold in a new country, belong not to the plain common fools of original intent, but to the meanest class of fools that the community has to deal with—the fools who are also the dupes of rascals.

We may laugh at the story of the good Schildbergers and the cow, and we may be sure that though they remained fools all the rest of their lives they never committed that particular form of folly again. There would be a cruel and tragic malice about the story, that would take all the fun out of it, if we knew that that hapless Schildberg cow had been

brought to her fatal ordeal at the instigation and suggestion of certain heartless Schildberg market-men, cleverer than their fellows, who wanted to get her reduced to butchers’ meat, apparently solely by the foolishness of her owners, that they might buy her cheap.

Yet is n’t this about the story of the Labor Cow in the United States? The butchers and marketmen, that is, the great “protected” employers of labor, subscribe to pay the election expenses of the McKinleys and Harrisons and all the rest who go about preaching, in the face of reason, common-sense and experience, that a protective tariff raises wages because it raises prices. The Schildbergers take up the cry. It seems to their simple minds so natural—if one thing goes up, why not another? So up go the prices and up goes the cow, with the same result as in the Schildberg story. Up go the prices on iron, steel and wool and woolen clothing and tools and nails and screws and tin-plates and Heaven knows what all. And up go the schedules of wages? Not a bit of it! Down they go—ten per cent., twenty per cent., in one big mill after another. Out go the workmen on strike. And then the strap tightens around the neck of the cow. There are the high prices of protection. They are all around the workman; everything that he must buy for himself, for his wife, for his children, is higher than it was. He tries for awhile to feel richer on drawing no pay at all, and paying six cents where he used to pay five. Finally he gives it up and goes back, and takes his ten or twenty per cent. reduction as the case may be.

The variation of the Schildberg story that is being told in America to-day is neither pretty nor pleasant. It is not a story of childlike stupidity and honest blundering. It is the story of a number of fanatical dupes doing the bidding of a lot of money-grabbers as unscrupulous, tyrannical and unpatriotic as ever robbed the state by due process of law of the revenues supplied by the vast mass of her honest and hard working people of narrow means.

“THE CHRISTMAS PUCK

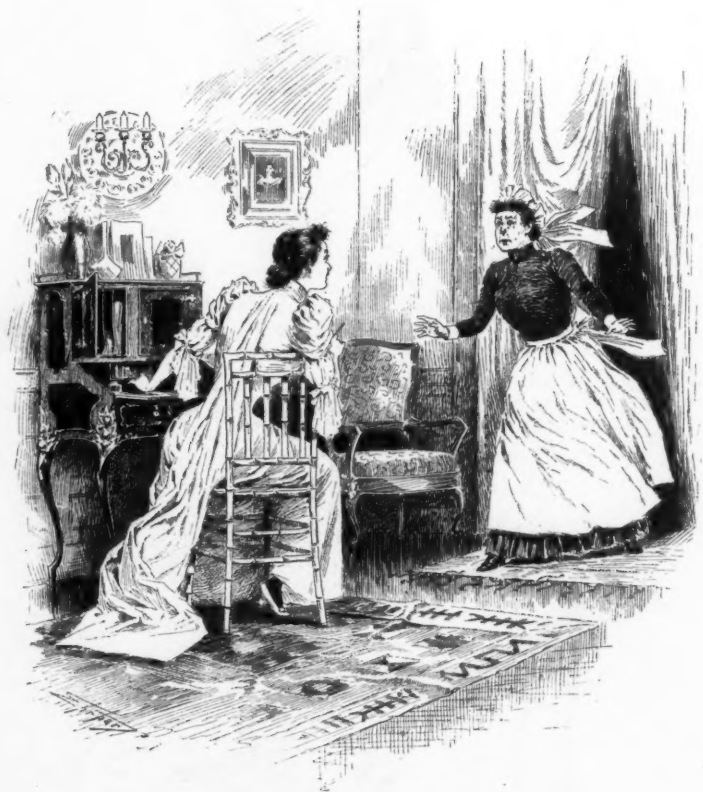
is out of print!” has been the standing announcement every year on the day of issue.

This year, the demand has warranted the publishers in issuing

A NEW EDITION,

which is now ready and for sale by all Newsdealers.

Price, Twenty-five Cents.



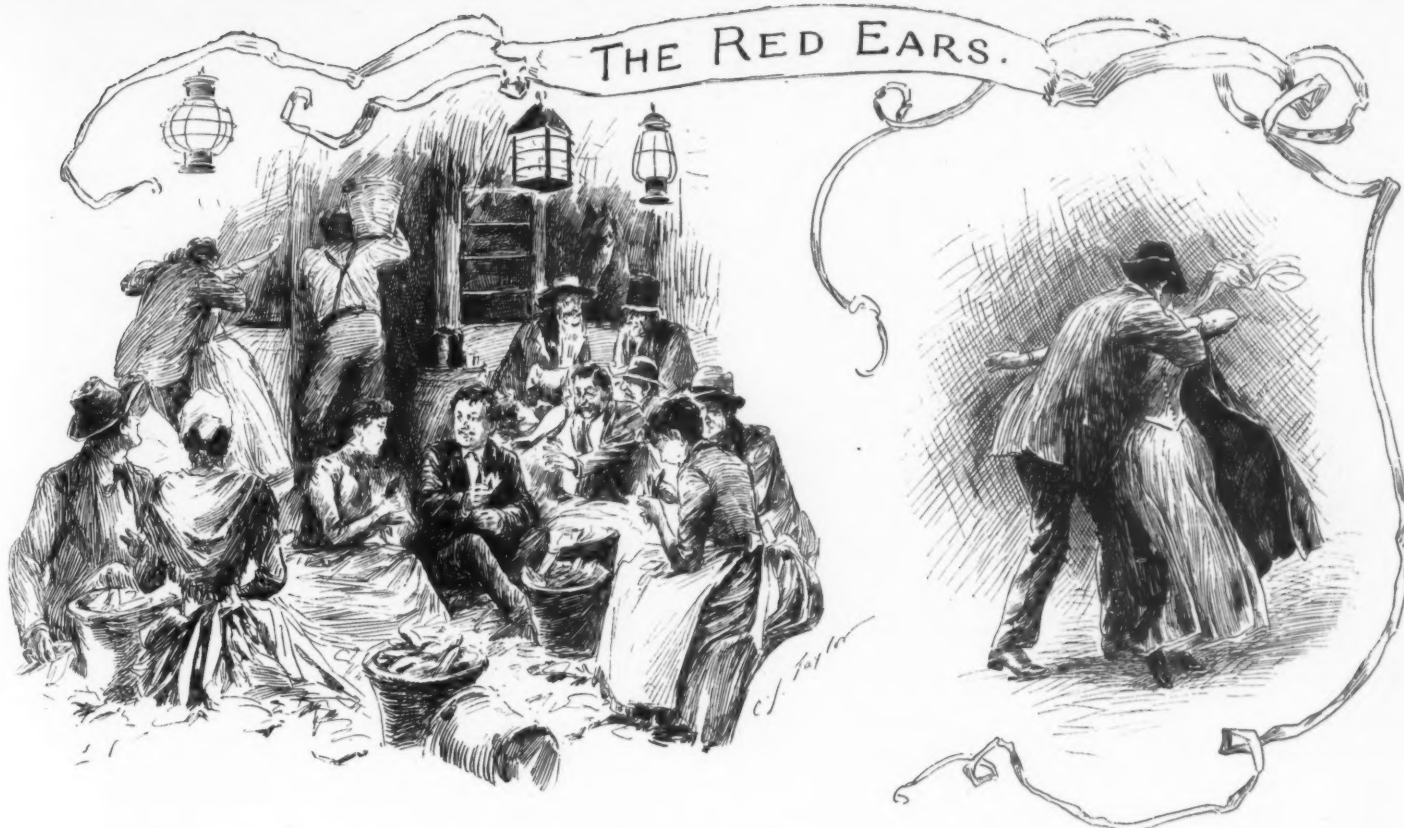
OBEYED LITERALLY.

MRS. NAGGSBY (*impatiently*).—Nora, drop everything at once and come to me!

NORA.—Yes, Ma’am.

MRS. NAGGSBY.—Now, what’s the baby crying for?

NORA.—‘Case I dropped him, Mum.



WE SAT about the old barn floor
On heaps of straw. Above our heads
Were swinging lanterns, spluttering o'er
The piled up corn-ears, where the reds,
Deep hidden in the husky mass,
Were tickets to each ripe-lipped lass.

We strove with might and main. The pile
Waned swiftly as the hours flew by;
But fortune frowned on me the while,
And not a red-hued ear came nigh.
I sighed as toward her home I strode
With Minnie down the country road.

"That ~~was~~ hard luck," she laughing said;
Then quickly, "Are n't those tree-tops queer?"
And as from her I turned my head,
She boxed me smartly on the ear.
It glowed beneath the dear rebuff—
But Minnie had to cry "enough!"

R. L. Hendrick.

JUSTLY INDIGNANT.

MR. STONE.—I want a new shoulder cape and—
KIRBY STONE.—A new shoulder cape? Great Scott!!
Don't you know I lost one hundred and seventy-five
thousand dollars in stocks last Fall? How am I ever
going to get ahead if you persist in such outrageous ex-
travagance?

KEEPING WARM.

MR. CITIMANN.—I should think a
country house with its exposed walls
would be rather uncomfortable in
Winter.

MR. SUBURB.—Y-e-s; but
no one need be cold in a
country house.

"How do you manage?"

"Oh, we keep ourselves
warm, carrying coal and pok-
ing fires, you know."

NOW THAT we have the
safety bicycle and the
safety razor, it would not be
a bad scheme of some in-
ventive genius to gild the
market with a safety accor-
dion, for the benefit of be-
ginners.

IT IS THE little things we
forget. The man with
the pocket full of twenty-
five-cent cigars never has a
match.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD
—Eastward, always.

THE CARD-PLAYER holds
up his hands to prevent
robbery.



TALLBOYS (to DIEFMANN).
—Got any bologny?
DIEFMANN.—Hey? I can't
hear you—wait a minnut,—

HE.—There's a good deal to be said in favor of cremation.
SHE (*shivering*).—Yes, indeed. It's so clean, and nice and—
warm!

THE OTHER WAY.

"Columbia College is nothing but a big high school," said Dedham.
"You are wrong," returned Bronx;
"it is a big Low school."

RIISING TO THE OCCASION.



—Vell, v'at you vants?

A MAN CAN never become
learned by pursuing his
studies in a rocking-chair.

A MAN WHO has never
read the Constitution
of the United States may
know by heart the conditions
on which he holds his dog
license.

JONES CALLS the lamp
at his boarding-house
"The Pennsylvania," be-
cause it is such a noted oil-
scenter.

THE "MILLIONS FOR DE-
FENCE" usually go in
the shape of lawyers' fees.

THE BOSTON POET does
n't write pot-boilers.
He calls them bean-jar-
bakers.

"YOU SEEM jolly."

"I feel jolly."

"Your horse must 'a' come
in first."

"No; last. That's just
what makes me feel so jolly.
I backed another man's horse
this trip."

MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

A MODERN HANS SACHS.

IT WAS NOT Frederick Preble's fault that he fell in love with Amalie Knecht.

Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, always makes a tenor in the image of man. Frederick was a tenor, and having been made according to the customary plans and specifications of Providence, he had eyes, ears and a heart.

The girl was there; he saw her. He could n't help seeing her unless he shut his eyes; and, of course, he never wished to do that.

He heard her, too. And with his musically trained ear he noted that her laugh was an ascending chromatic scale, ending on a peculiarly piquant G sharp.

So he fell in love with her. And I, for one, do not see how he could help it.

He saw her every day; for he lived in the same house that she did. To be sure, his apartment was just under the chimney, while her father and herself occupied the floor behind the front door.

But love laughs at four flights of stairs. Why, Frederick's heart, every time he heard her laugh, used to fall down those four flights of stairs, bumpetty-bump, to lie at her feet. It was all covered with bruises of love, that heart of Frederick's; and still it kept

on beating away, for her, for her.

But Papa Knecht would not have it.

He was willing to admit that Frederick was a "nice" young man and could sing; but he did not seem to be able to sing for dollars. Papa Knecht had lots of dollars. Some of them had been left to him by Grandpapa Knecht, who came over years and years ago; and the rest Papa Knecht had got by planting Grandpapa Knecht's harvest in good soil and tending it while it grew.

Papa Knecht loved music, like a good German, and he liked to hear tenors sing; but he did not like to have them marry his daughter unless they got very large salaries and plenty of free advertising in the newspapers. Frederick got fifteen dollars a week for singing in the chorus, and did not even have his name in the programme. Papa Knecht did not like that.

Hans Sachs said Papa Knecht was right.

His name was not Hans Sachs. It was Jacob Spiegelheim; but that is not a pretty name, so we shall call him Hans Sachs. He was not a poet; but a cobbler, and a right-good cobbler, too. He cobbled in the basement of the house in which Amalie and Frederick lived, and he knew what was going on. For the matter of that, he knew everything that was going on in the neighborhood; but we shall say nothing about that.

It was Hans Sachs who found out that there was to be a great prize singing contest in Wichawken. It was he who found out that the manager of the Delicatessen Opera Company had announced that if the prize was won by a tenor, he would offer him a good engagement. It was he who finally induced Frederick to enter the contest; though it must not be denied that Amalie temporarily suppressed the laugh and added a few influential tears to Hans's arguments. And it was Hans Sachs who induced Papa Knecht to go with his daughter to the singing contest.

Hans Sachs shut up his shop and went, too.

It was a very great contest. First, a little weazened man, with yellow eyes and a goat's beard, took three-quarters of an hour to read the conditions in a voice which sounded like the squeak of a toy chicken.

No one heard the conditions; but that made no difference; the contest was just as fierce.

The first singer was a tenor with a voice like a superannuated flute, and he sang, "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall." He fell more like a raw oyster.

The next was a sub-cutaneous bass; he made your flesh creep. He sang "Ohé, Mama!" It was very touching. Then came a baritone, whose vocal chords had been transformed, by years of application to the

flowing bowl, into a long-distance telephone, so that his voice sounded as if it came from Chicago. He sang "The Christmas Tree."

There were several more with voices that could not be classed — except, possibly, as glassware — and Hans Sachs began to be tired.

"Of somepotty don'd got dot prize putty soon," he said, "I vill hef to gone und god me ein shchooner."

"Wait a little," said Papa Knecht, whose dialect had been mellowed by being filtered through a previous generation.

The next singer was a baritone, and he knew his business. He sang "The Yeoman's Wedding Song" in a style that carried away the audience and the judges.

So, when poor Frederick came out next, and with his lovely tenor voice sang Mozart's "Violets," he made the assembly sad.

The judges gave the prize to the baritone; the opera manager went off in a huff; Papa Knecht smiled a two-edged smile, tucked his daughter under his arm and went home; and Hans Sachs went and drank "drei shchooner."

The next morning, Frederick walked into Hans Sachs's shop and sat down in a corner, whence he gazed upon Hans with an expression more melancholy than that of an overripe melon left drying on the vine.

"Ach, Himmel!" sighed Sachs.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Frederick; "that was fine advice you gave me, Meister."

"Dot atvice don'd got noddings wrong mit it. Aber you vos ein jump."

"A what?"

"Ein jump — ein Esel. Vat for you sings dot put-me-in-mein-grafe kind of ein seng for! Don'd you got no senses, at all? Vot you oexpect?"

"It is a lovely song, Meister," said Frederick; "the first art-song ever written."

"Yah, yah, ich weiss — aber id vos too goot! Vat for you throw away high art on dose tuffers?"

"I trust I am always true to my art."

"By chimineddy! You 'd pedder bin drue to Amalie."

"Why, Meister, I am!"

"Nein! You can'd bin drue

to art and her, too. Of you vant dot gel, dot beaudiful, heavenly anchel, you must shtop singin' vor art und sing vor tollars."

"O Meister! Must I do that?"

"You ped your sweet life! Can you ein high C sing?"

"I can sing," replied Frederick, proudly, "a high C that will put the gas out."

"Den vat for you don'd do dot?"

"What, put the gas out?"

"Nein; nein! sing your high C."

"Where, and when?"

"Leaf dot to me; I fix dot."

Hans Sachs was as good as his word. He went to a musical agent in Union Square, and told him he had discovered a tenor who could sing a tremendous high C. The musical agent sent for Frederick, heard him sing it, and promptly secured him an engagement to sing at a Sunday night concert.

Hans knew the announcement of a new tenor, with a high C attachment, would induce the manager of the Delicatessen Opera Company to attend the concert. But he could not induce Papa Knecht to go.

No; Papa Knecht had lost all interest in tenors. He was now looking for a nice, fast young society man, who was *blasé* and ready to settle down and to introduce a wife into his charmed circle. Hans Sachs shook his head. Amalie went to his shop and wept.

"O Meister!" she said, sobbing; "what has become of Frederick? I have n't seen him since the contest."



"He vas all righd," said Hans; "und he vas godding reatty to surprise eferypotty. I vas lookin' oud vor dot."

"O Meister!" she said, falling upon his neck; "you have been our true friend."

"Dere, dere," he said, pushing her away somewhat hastily; "don't do dot; you shpiles my gollar."

And as he did not have one on, that made Amalie smile through her tears, so that her face looked like the fairy scene coming out from behind the cloud-drop in the last act of a pantomime. Hans Sachs turned away and sighed as she left the shop.

On Sunday night, Hans dressed himself in his finest and went to the concert. No doubt it was an interesting entertainment. No doubt the programme was, as the daily papers said, next morning, "long and varied." But Sachs could see only one announcement, which read thus:

6. "Di quella pira" ("Il Trovatore")...VERDI.
SIGNOR FEDERICO PREBELLIO.
(His First Appearance in America.)

"Yah, yah," he said to himself; "dot ish righd. Now he vill ein gross success make."

The eventful moment, big with fate, finally arrived.

Frederick had insisted on being allowed to preface the "Di quella pira" with the "Ah, si ben mio," passing from one to the other without a break.

That was for the critics.

The audience did not care much about the "Ah, si," but when the orchestra began the familiar two measures of introduction to the high C aria, there was a flutter of expectation.

Frederick dashed into the aria boldly. When the time for the high C came, he took it at the back of the stage and walked down to the foot-lights with it. He shook it as a dog shakes a rat, and when he retired, the audience screamed with delight. They called him out and made him do it over—and again—and again—and a fourth time, before they would let him go.

"Dot's nod art," said Hans Sachs, smiling; "dot's peesness."

And then he went home.

The next morning, he, Frederick and Amalie, sat in his shop and read all the morning papers. With one accord they declared that Frederick had no art, that he had only one good note, (the high C,) and that he had achieved a phenomenal hit with the audience. Frederick was half wild with mortification. Amalie wept on Sachs's collarless neck. But Sachs said:

"Vat do you vand? Dot von node, dot high C, is goot vor hundreds of tollars efery veek. Vaid a bit."

They did wait. They waited two days, and no offers came for Frederick. Sachs was troubled. He declared that the managers were holding off for fear they would have to give too high a salary. Finally he advised Frederick to call on the Delicatessen manager.

He did so.

The manager wanted him badly, but he pretended he did n't. He would not make an offer, though he said he would be willing to engage Frederick at a reasonable salary.

In despair the young tenor arose and left the office, saying:

"I won't take a cent less than seventy-five dollars a night. I'm worth that or nothing."

When he went home, he kept away from Sachs. He saw Amalie and told her all.

"And now, my own dear little girl," he said; "there is but one road for us to happiness."

After that, their conversation fell into a whisper.

They whispered upstairs and down, and Sachs saw them.

"Dere vas some mischiefs prewing," he said to himself. "Dot poy don'd come near me, und now dey vispers. Vell, I ped you I keeps mine eyes oben."

That night, hiding in his shop, he heard the front door open and close very softly, and the next moment voices murmuring in front of his basement window. Then he threw open the shutter, and a stream of light shot out and illumined the figures of Frederick and Amalie, each carrying a small satchel. Hans Sachs was in the street in an instant.

"Nein; nein!" he said; "you vos going do clobe. Dot von'd do."

"We must. There is no other way left," said Frederick.

"O Meister!" sobbed Amalie, trying to fall on his neck; but he would n't let her.

"You must shtay!" he exclaimed.

And then he began to sing at the top of his lungs. Papa Knecht put his head out of the window and shouted:

"Stop that noise!"

Hans seized Amalie, and ran into the shop with her.

"Upshtairs mit you, gwick! Before you fadder vinds out!" he exclaimed.

That ended the elopement. The next morning Frederick got a letter from the manager, agreeing to engage him at seventy-five dollars a night, to sing three times a night. He took the letter at once to Papa Knecht, who embraced him and said:

"I always liked you, Freddy. Let me see you kiss her."

Then they all went down to see Hans Sachs, who was so delighted he tried to drive pegs butt end first. Amalie fell upon his neck successfully, once more laughing her sweet chromatic laugh, and then went off into a corner with Frederick. Papa Knecht shook Sachs's hand, and said:

"You have been a good friend. But tell me why you have taken so much interest in this matter?"

Hans Sachs laid down his hammer, blew his nose, and then looked up with his blue eyes swimming in moisture.

"Vell," he said, in a trembling whisper; "I lofe dot gel minezself."

W. J. Henderson.



THE SAME.

The hand that rocks the cradle,
As the years go speeding by,
Is the hand that spans the baby;
And that makes the baby cry.

WHY DOES N'T somebody invent a set of adjustable whiskers for newspaper cuts. One portrait might then do unlimited duty.

WOMEN.

WOODHULL.—The law allowing women to act as members of our boards of education is having a very decided effect.

CLAFLIN.—What is the effect of it?

WOODHULL.—They are voting for principals not men.

"TO THE QUEEN'S TASTE"—Low-cut Bodices.

A LAWYER'S FEE.

"What's your fee for collecting this?"
He inquired with a nervous thrill;
And the lawyer calmly made reply:
"The whole amount of the bill."

ONE REASON why there is plenty of room at the top may be the fact that people won't live in attics if they can help it.

IT DID N'T WORK.



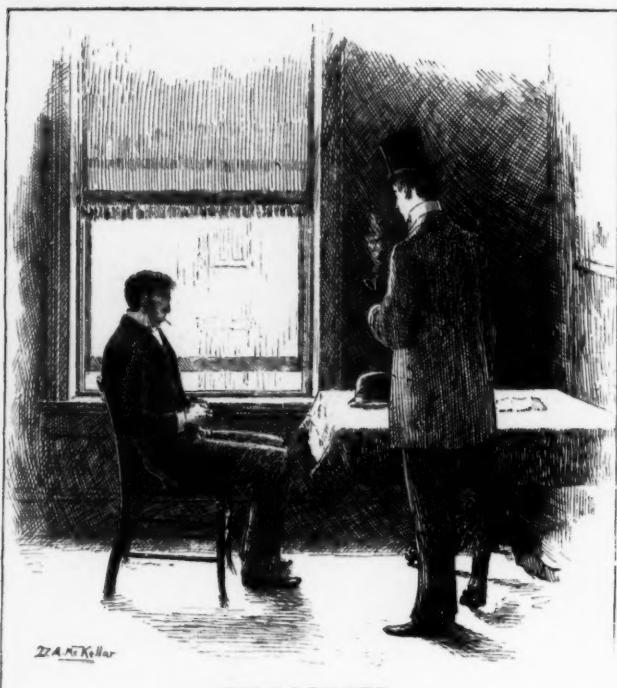
JIMMY.—Hurry up, Timmy! Here's an old duck a-coming!



THE OLD DUCK.—Hullo! What's this?—



—"I'm not so young as I used to be, but I could n't let such a chance as that go by."

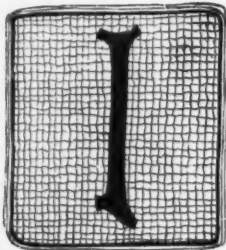


PREOCCUPIED.

HOFFMAN HOWES. — Don't you feel cold, deah boy, sitting theah by the window?

HOWELL GIBBON. — Ya-as; I guess I do. I knew theah was something the mattah with me. I suppose it must be cold.

A TALE OF TRUTH.



IT HAPPENED in an office in Brooklyn. It was a dark afternoon in January, and all the gas jets were lighted.

He opened the door and walked with easy assurance to the cashier's desk.

"I have a little article here that will save —"

"Very-busy-to-day-sir-good-day-sir," said the cashier, shortly.

"You can't be too busy to look at this if you have your employer's interests at heart."

"Eh — well, what is it?"

"My own invention. A governor that will lessen your gas bills fifty per cent. The cost is nominal; I'm almost ashamed to mention it. I see that your gas item must be a large one from the number of burners that you use."

By this time all the clerks were interested, and the inventor, seeing the impression he had made, went on:

"My dear sir, you and your fellow-clerks are intelligent men. Let me tell you a few truths. Prohibitionists talk of the wickedness of the rum-sellers; of the thousands spent in drink. It is n't a circumstance to the wickedness of the gas companies. Every dollar paid to a saloon-keeper represents so much liquor that has traversed some alimentary canal, but the people of this great country spend MILLIONS per annum for gas that was never burned!

"I am the friend of the gas-consumer. I would save your employer, would save you young men enough on your bills to pay your vacation expenses; I —"

"Sounds like a good thing, Tom," said a clerk; "let him see Brown."

"Come in to-morrow morning, Mr.-er-man, and see our secretary, Mr. Brown. We do burn a great deal of gas, and a penny saved is a penny earned."

"And a pound gained is so much more flesh," said a thin, pallid-looking clerk.

"That 'll do, Funny-man!" "Shut up, Hand-some!" shouted his fellow-clerks; and the cashier continued:

"As you pass out, Mr.-er-man, look at our sign so that you will know where to come to-morrow. Good luck to you!"

The inventor bowed with ceremony, and, stepping outside, looked up at the sign. It read:

"BRESLAU GAS LIGHT COMPANY."

Charles Battell Loomis.

LOOKING BOTH WAYS.

MRS. BACKUP. — Before we were married, you called me your "black-eyed houri."

BACKUP. — Yes; and my little blue-eyed, freckled, red-haired darling did n't murmur a protest.

THE CONDITION.

BENEDICK. — I'll give you the money for your Christmas shopping on one condition.

MRS. BENEDICK. — I know what that condition is. That I don't ask for too much.

BENEDICK. — No; that you don't ask me to go with you.

A SERIOUS MATTER.

"Hoffy's met with a dweadfully distwessing accident."

"Deah me!"

"Ya-as. Spwained his cane."

"Howwible!"

A CIRCUIT JUDGE —
The Electrician.

WATER CRACKERS —
Ice-Picks.

"FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION."



IN AN Anti-Gambling League, all bets are declared "off."

WHEN THE office seeks the man, it finds him too quick.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION — Your Mother-in-law.



ENOUGH.

"Does your daughter speak the languages?"

"Not to any extent. She can say 'yes,' though, in five of 'em, in case any foreign nobleman asks her to marry."

HOSENSTEIN'S ERROR.



HOSENSTEIN.—Come in, my friend—I sell you der lofeleest suit ohf glothes you efer saw!—



STRANGER.—One moment, please—allow me to sell you a copy of this magnificent work, "The Lost Tribes of Israel," richly illustrated, only two dollars and seventy-five cents!

RESULTS OF OLD-FASHIONED BUSINESS TRAINING.

A SHABBY MAN is William. Clothes of that slaty brown hue which suggests more wear than brushing. Usually later than other men in his style of dress. Tendency toward an overcoat in May and a straw-hat in October. Rather stooping and round-shouldered for a man of forty-five. Face showing, at the same time, timidity and rashness. Voice alternately bashfully low and brassily loud. Grammar atrocious even for a business man. Not a prosperous person, not a comfortable man, nor one likely to succeed. Ruined, in fact, by old-fashioned business training.

His father, a spice dealer in a large wholesale way, had brought him up in his own "store" as he had been himself brought up. He took him from school at the age of thirteen, and made him begin life by sweeping out the store at half-past seven o'clock every morning, and subsequently building fires and running errands. No customer ever came to the "store," by the way, until some hours later. Similarly William had to remain, and to put up the shutters at six o'clock of evenings. To be sure, business had ceased hours before; but that was the way to bring a boy up so as to make a great merchant of him.

At the age of twenty-one William could sweep, build fires, run errands, and listen to drivel about successful business-men as well as any youth in America; and he knew as much about business as any youth on Robinson Crusoe's island before Robinson arrived.

So he launched out for himself as a fruit importer, and at the end of a year his father gallantly came to the rescue, and saved William from failing.

The following year he became bankrupt as a feed and flour merchant in spite of the old gentleman.

What ailed the boy? He went to his business at unutterably early hours, and remained at it until late. He had no bad habits, was not lazy, and economized to the verge of meanness. He was not a fool. To be sure, he could not speak or write any language

but his own, and his own was a shocking dialect of English, and certainly he knew nothing which men learn from books; but he did not in these matters differ widely from his associates. What could be the matter with him? Only that he had been trained in the real old-fashioned business way, and had learned the A B C so thoroughly that he knew nothing else.

He could balance a ledger without any idea as to what his books meant. He could make and collect bills just as a horse can pull a cart—unintelligently and patiently, but without the faintest idea of the principles involved. He could copy a letter neatly, but he could not tell whether the letter were sense or nonsense. You see he had been brought up on the old-fashioned business plan.

He opened a small place for the sharpening of skates and repairs of sleds, getting the unexpired part of a lease from May to October at very low terms. The business did not pay. He closed it in September, and secured near by, at low rental, a store which was to be torn down in the Spring. Here he opened with straw-hats and palm-leaf fans—bought ridiculously cheap at auction. Somehow he failed in this. Customers passed the place to buy fur-caps and arctics next door. Bad luck apparently pursued him in everything.

He got an interest in a patent for making an imitation of mock-turtle-shell hair-pins. This collapsed, although hundreds of patents have made fortunes for their owners.

His father died and left him some money. He bought an interest in a mine of solid silver at the subscription-price of two dollars per share. When the price declined to fifty cents he bought more, and when finally he had paid out six dollars a share for assessments, and the stock declined to thirty cents, he traded, on that basis, for mules, and is now trying to breed them on Long Island. The honest dealer who sold him the brood-mules frankly told him that he would have to wait a long time for returns. This sounded safe because it was slow. So he is waiting. He is used to that, for he was brought up in the old-fashioned business way.

Manat.



TOO DEMNED DEMOCRATIC.

MR. GOODSSELL (on Vestibule Train).—But what do you think of our palace-car service? Is n't that nearly perfect?

LORD HOWLONG.—I think it's an infernal nuisance. It always makes me uncomfortable to see other people as comfortable as I am.



THE SCHILDBERGERS.

The Schildbergers found that grass grew on the city wall. "What a splendid pasture for our cow!" said one; "but how shall we get her up?" "I'll show you," said another; and he fastened a stout strap around her neck and told them to hoist. They pulled for all they were worth, but before the poor animal had been raised far, she was choked to death.

PUCK.





PREPARING FOR THE TORTURE.

FRIEND.—Good heavens, man, what a ghastly expression!
MR. OLDBATCH.—I'm practicing a pleasant smile—I've got to call on Proudpop to-night, and he always insists on reading his little boy's school compositions to his visitors.

THE OFFICE AND THE MAN.

"SO you gin up the post-office?" inquired one of the crowd, as Uncle Bill Humsted joined the evening gathering at the village store.

"Wa-al, yes," replied the ex-postmaster; I only tuk it ter show you fellers that I had some influence with this administration. And when I found that this here warn't only a fourth-class post-office, I 'lowed that warn't no place fer a fust-class man."

"Got tired of it mighty quick, did n't ye?" asked another.

"Oh, yes; there warn't nothin' inter it, now that none of you ain't got snap enough ter take a New York paper and give me a chance ter see the news onced in a while. And I got kinder riled at the ijea of comin' way in frum the back meddar every time a gal wanted ter buy a postage-stamp. But if it had n't been fer Jonah Slawson I'd 'a' hung onter the thing fer a spell longer."

"How'd yer come ter let Jonah git the best of ye?"

"Wa-al, yer see, Jonah he put a pesky trick on me. He come erlong one night 'bout milkin'—

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.



"Please help a poor man; I've got —

BETTER GET HIM FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

TOM.—What are you reading?

KITTY.—Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

TOM.—Who did you say was the author?

KITTY.—James Bryce; don't you know he was the first Englishman who discovered America?

THRU FER PAT.

MIKE.—Them foreign Chilians seem to be moighty imperdent these days.

PAT.—Yis; but thank the Ould Dart, we've got a good American down there fer minister!

WESTERN WEDDING PRESENTS.

"What do you think would be the most appropriate gift for a Chicago couple?"

"A divorce, most likely."

NOTHING MAKES the small boy sadder than to discover just at this time that his skates will be too small for him this Winter.



—"the rheumatics so bad —



—"I kin hardly walk, Boss! —



—"Thank you, s'r; I hope you'll never be in the same fix."

time an' 'lowed he wanted ter send off a registered letter. I told him his money 'd be safe enough without all that bother; but he insisted on havin' her registered. 'You're goin' ter make me a heap of trouble, Jonah,' says I ter him; but he would n't hear ter nothin' but havin' her registered. There allers was a mean streak in them Slawsons.

"Wa-al, sir, I never done no harder work in my life than I done tryin' ter git that blame letter off. There was about a dozen different documents ter be made out and entered up onto, and it was plumb 'leven o'clock when I got 'em all fixed up and was ready fer bed. And that warn't the end of it, neither. Fer about a week the receipts fer that letter kep' pourin' in on me by every mail, until I had most a peck of 'em. I could n't find nothin' in the regerlations what to do with them; but I've got 'em packed away in a cracker box, all straight and regilar, if any of the inspectors wants ter come erlong an' see 'em.

"But last Monday I met Jonah on the road, and he sorter mentioned that he was a-goin' ter send c'f some more money soon. So I went hum an' sent in my resignation, ter take effect immejatly; and them as wants the place can hev it!"

Harry Romaine.



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"If I can catch him once upon the hip"
— Merchant of Venice.

MILLIONS IN IT.

FIELDING.—Does fiction pay, nowadays?

HOWELLS.—I fancy so. Look at Robert P. Porter.

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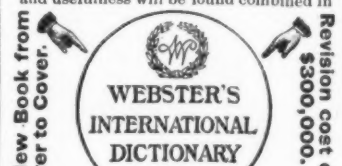
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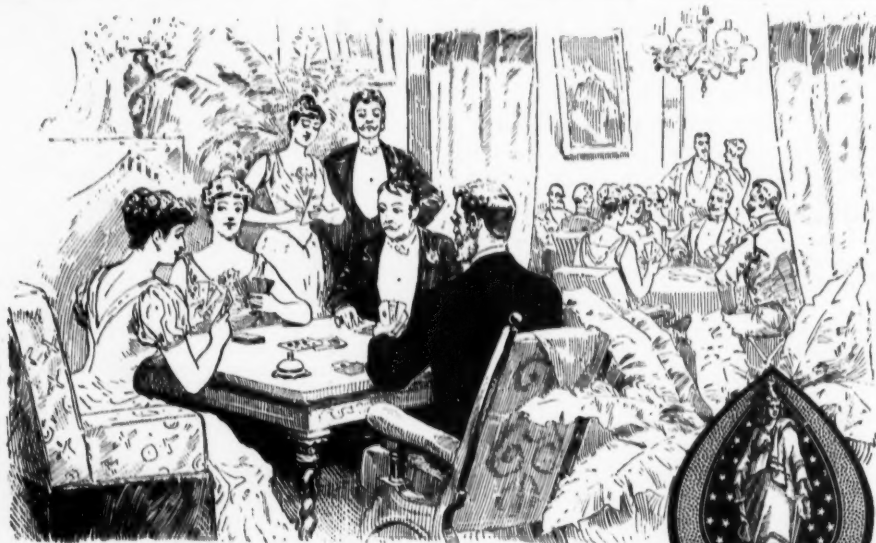
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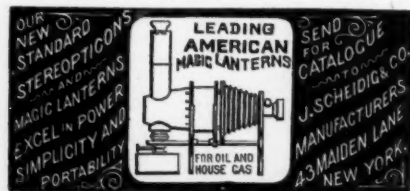


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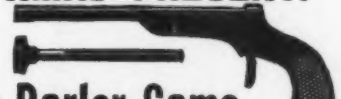


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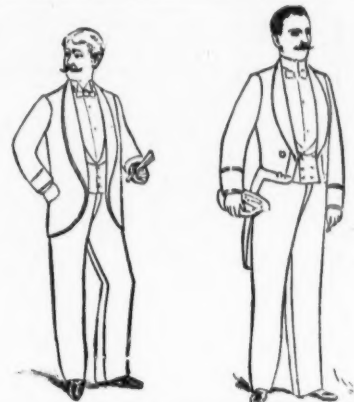


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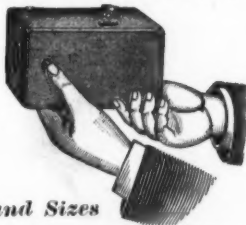
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